

Against All Odds

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Summary: "Every minute he's not here, with us, is another minute wasted." Final story in Use Somebody and Little Do You Know series.

Warning: Super sad. :(

Against All Odds

\_I do not own Lab Rats.\_

\* \* \*

><p>He's not sure where he's planning on going.<p>

He's not sure how long he's been gone.

He's not sure why he did leave.

But he is sure of the emptiness consuming him.

Because he feels a hole inside of him.

It might be from his missing chip.

Or his missing family.

He's not really sure.

He just knows it's there.

And it's killing him.

But there's nothing he can do about it now.

He made his choice.

He's gone.

So he keeps walking.

Aimlessly.

Without an end goal in sight.

He tries to convince himself that they're looking for him.

A part of him hopes that they are.

But he knows that he's wrong.

He left them.

And he doesn't want to be found.

He's walking away from all he's ever known.

And all of the happiness he ever had.

Slowly, he continues down his path.

The path of destruction.

Destruction of his family.

His hope.

His future.

It's all gone now.

Because he left.

And he's not going back.

It's nightttime now.

He still isn't sure of the time.

But he's alone.

It's dark out.

And he knows he's scared.

Scared of the dark.

Scared of the silence.

Scared of the emptiness.

It isn't safe for him to be out here.

But he's not bionic anymore.

So it doesn't even matter.

No one needs him anymore.

No one wants him anymore.

But he's wrong.

Because something smacks him hard in the head.

He falls to the ground.

And falls into the darkness of the night.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Mystery<strong>

I have him now.

He's all mine.

All I've ever wanted.

He's the perfect bait for the rest of them.

To lure them away.

He's weak.

I can see the sadness in his face.

The pain etched into his every feature.

It's sure to draw them to me.

I have to get them.

It's my time.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Donald<strong>

Chase is gone.

Nowhere to be found.

It's been a week.

I can't find him.

Anywhere.

I can't use science to fix this.

I can't hide behind the computers.

I can't use them to solve my every problem.

This is real life.

The only thing I can have now is heart.

And hope.

And that scares me.

I can't rely on my mind.

The mind that can always save the day.

Always.

But not today.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do.

Where to look.

What to say.

But I do know one thing.

I have to be a father now.

And I have to find my son.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Mystery<strong>

He's awake now.

Aware of his surroundings.

But it's as if he doesn't care.

He doesn't speak.

Doesn't fight.

Doesn't eat.

Doesn't try to live.

It seems that he doesn't even want to escape.

But I need to wait.

I need to make them beg.

I need to make them desperate.

I need to fill them with false hope.

Now's not the time.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Bree<strong>

This is killing us.

All of us.  
Slowly.  
And painfully.  
It's been a month.  
Douglas spends his time searching.  
Driving around the mainland.  
Countless hours spent with no result.  
He has his mind set on finding Chase.  
Because he doesn't know what will happen if he doesn't.  
He's terrified of the unknown.  
Mr. Davenport is constantly in his room.  
Or on his computer.  
Or rereading Chase's note.  
Desperately trying to find answers.  
Anything to escape the sadness filling him.  
Leo doesn't smile anymore.  
No more light-hearted jokes.  
No more happiness.  
No more joy.  
It's all gone now.  
And he trudges through life, wracked with depression.  
Adam throws himself into training.  
Every day.  
He wakes up.  
Trains.  
And goes to sleep.  
He's angry.  
I know he is.  
The rage consumes him.  
But he's sad, too.

Every day that goes by.  
He loses a little more hope.  
And he's scared that the hope is going to run out.  
As for me.  
I'm not okay.  
Now, I understand how he felt.  
The never ending sadness.  
It pulls you in.  
And never lets go.  
The tears never stop.  
The pain never goes away.  
The memories don't fade.  
Because every minute he's not here, with us,  
Is another minute wasted.  
I don't know what we're going to do if he never comes back.  
If we never find him.  
Because it's never been an option.  
And option that's becoming more plausible every single day.  
Douglas will go mad from his futile attempts.  
Mr. Davenport will never escape the sadness of losing his son.  
Leo won't feel anymore joy.  
Adam will let the rage overtake him.  
And I will never be able to feel whole again.  
We'll all lose hope.  
We have to find him.  
Because I'm not going to let that happen.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chase<strong>

I'm completely lost.

No one will ever find me now.

I'm truly hidden away.

I miss my life.

I miss my family.

I miss being able to have hope.

It's all gone now.

I'm trapped here.

In this cell.

It's ironic isn't it.

I thought I didn't want to be found.

Now I never will.

And it hurts.

I don't know who took me.

I don't know why I'm here.

I'm useless anyways.

And it's only a matter of time before they discover that now.

I'm a goner for sure.

I didn't even think I'd feel it when it happens.

I'd been through enough.

Nothing could've affected me by now.

But I was wrong.

This is the worst feeling.

Worse than the sadness.

Worse than the emptiness.

Worse than the guilt.

Knowing that you're going to die.

Waiting for it to happen.

Understanding the pain that it will cause.

This is the worst.

I should've stayed.

I should be at home.

Where I could feel hope.  
Maybe now they can finally forget me.  
A part of me hopes that they won't.  
But a bigger part knows that they will.  
I'm weak now.  
I can't fight anymore.  
I can't pretend anymore.  
It's all over.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Mystery<strong>  
It's time now.  
I've waited long enough.  
I need them now.  
I take the boy out of his cell and put him in a chair.  
He doesn't even fight.  
He's given up.  
I scan for his chip.  
It isn't there.  
He's just a boy.  
Nothing special.  
I've wasted time on him.  
Anger consumes me.  
I raise my fist.  
He just slumps further into the chair.  
And then I realize.  
He's not useless, yet.  
I can use him.  
To lure out his siblings.  
Their father.  
Their creator.



I take him out of the chair and throw him back into his cell.

He falls back to the ground.

I run to grab the phone on my desk

A sick smile making it's way across my face.

I quickly connect it to my computer.

Making sure the GPS locator is on.

I send a video message, praying someone picks up.

They do.

"Hello?"

It the father.

Perfect.

I turn the camera to face him.

Detailing every gaunt and dejected feature in his face.

A ghost of happiness washes over his face.

"Say hello, Chase"

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>AN: So I've decided that all of the rest of the parts of this will be in this story. I'm thinking 2 or 3 more...Sorry for the super long wait, but dance season is over now so I have a lot more free time to write! Thank you for all of the great reviews on Use Somebody and Little Do You Know. It makes me super happy that you guys like it! I love all of you! Please review! They really help to keep me motivated. I hope to be able to post every weekend from now on but we'll see how that goes... Also, it's been a long time since I've been on here so, any thoughts on Elite Force? Let me know...Thank you soooo much for reading! :)\*\*\_

End  
file.